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THE CELESTIAL CITY

Fredericton

NEW BRUNSWICK

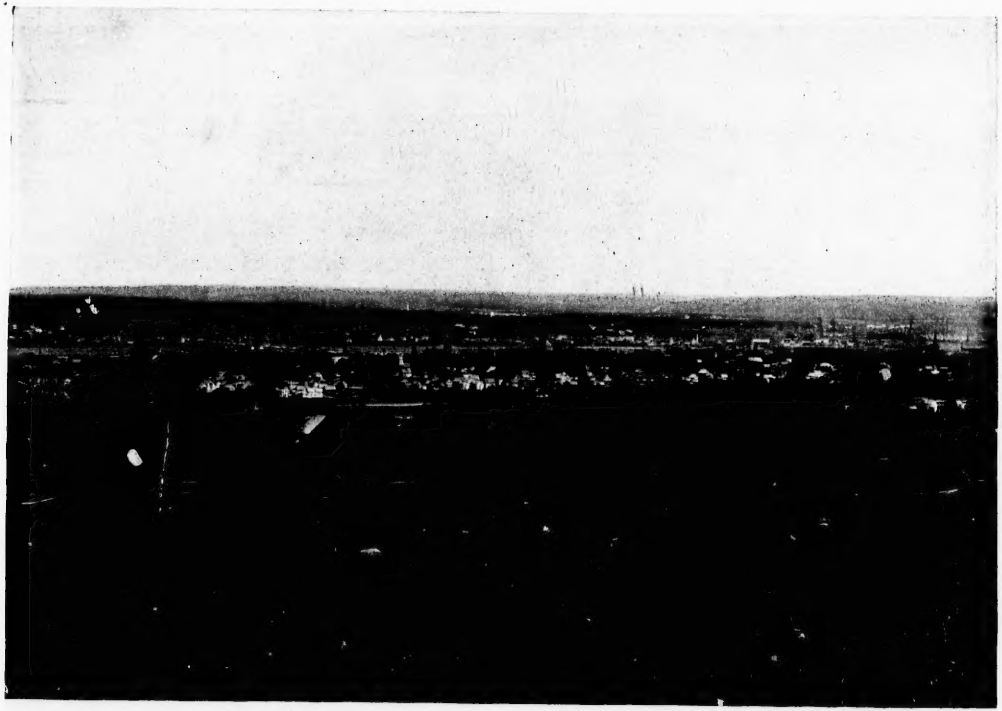
and the St. John River

FOR THE

TOURIST

AND

SPORTSMAN



Fredericton, from Brick Hill.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

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Fredericton, New Brunswick, and the St. John River,

FOR THE

TOURIST AND SPORTSMAN.

WRITTEN BY

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PUBLISHED BY

The Fredericton Tourist Association,

Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

1898.

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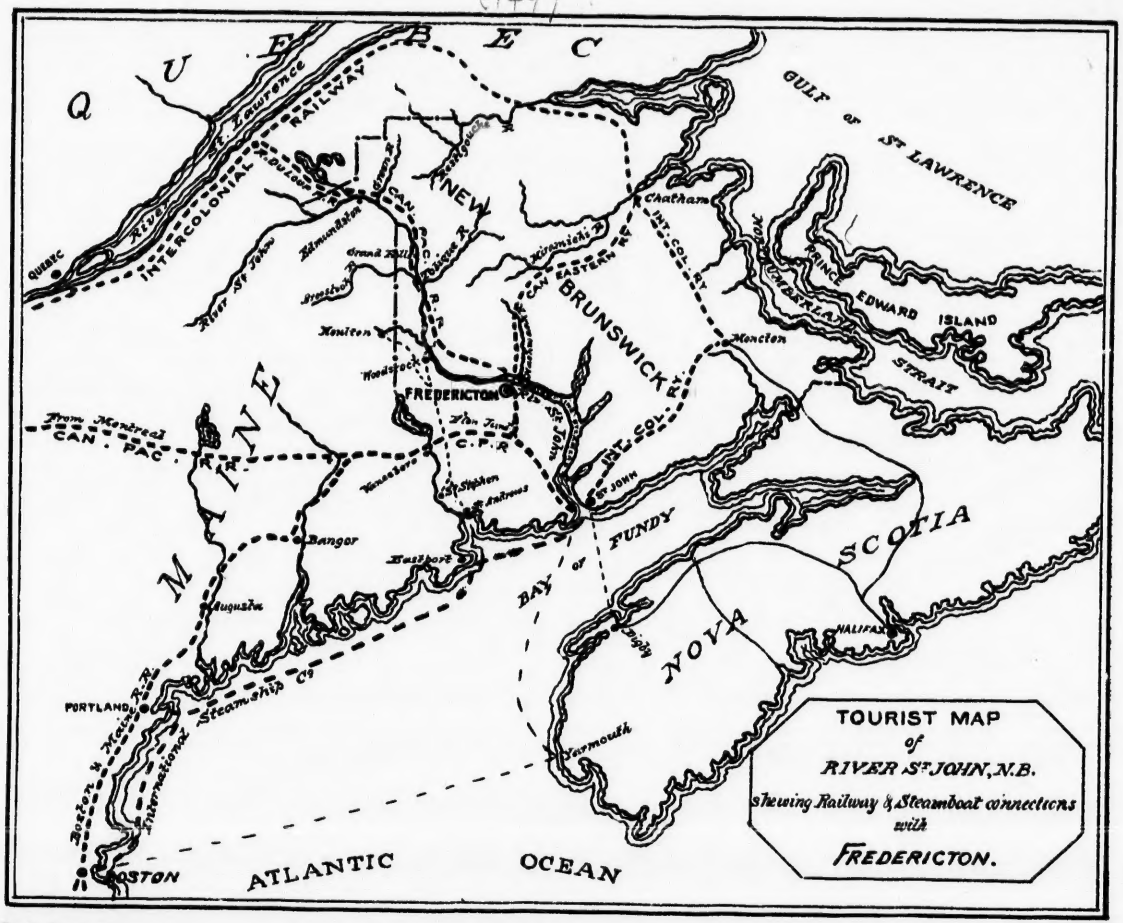
1898
(149)



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FREDERICTON AND VICINITY.

ACCORDING to the records of the days of Villebon, the site of the present city of Fredericton was then occupied by a small Acadian settlement and was called St. Anne's Point. It was a favorite Indian camping place as well. Where the reminiscent brindle cow, at misty morn and dewy eve, now ambles through the city thoroughfares, was once the browsing ground of the moose and caribou. The Indians in those early days held their house of assembly about five miles above the city, at Auk-paque, near Currie's Mountain. Could the unprophetic Pagan legislators of that time have foreseen that, after two centuries had passed, an American non-resident would be asking the city of Fredericton to pay $2,000 a year for the temporary use of that mountain for street purposes, it is certain that they would have taken the warpath against the New England settlements with redoubled rage and fury.

In 1768 the Acadians at St. Anne's, as well as at other points along the river, were given free passes to Madawaska, good for the single trip, by the order of King George. At that time the whole of New Brunswick, under the name of the County of Sunbury, was a mere adjunct to the little Province of Nova Scotia. Of course such a fatuous attempt on the part of the tail to wag the dog could not prevail, and in 1786 New Brunswick was created a separate province.

The first governor of the province was Thomas Carleton. He convened in the latter year the first General Assembly of the province at St. John, but having previous to this made a casual visit to Fredericton (or St. Anne's), he seems to have had no further use for St. John. He at once fixed upon Fredericton as the Capital, and the General Assembly met there for its third session, in a little building which is still standing near the present Queen Hotel, on July 18, 1788. Two years before, in this same building,

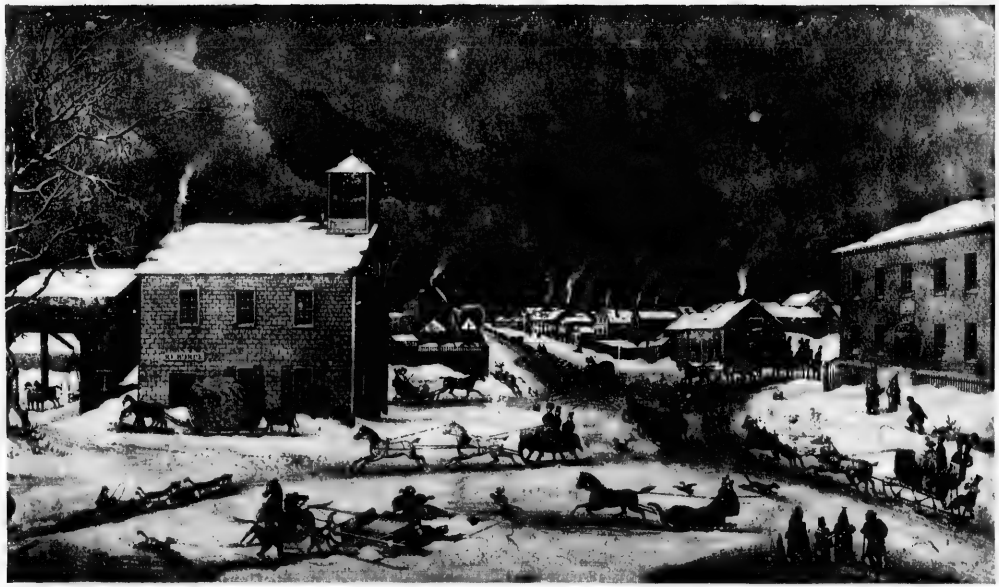
Queen Street, Fredericton, in 1897.

known as the "King's Provision Store," the first sermon ever preached in Fredericton was delivered to an audience of sixty or seventy persons by the first rector of the city, Rev. Samuel Cooke. It is remarked by Mr. Cooke that in 1790 the inhabitants of Fredericton numbered 400, "of whom 100 attended church, but many of ye common sort preferred to go a-fishing." What a vivid flash-light photograph of the primitive "Celestial"! At the lower end of the city is now a field where once stood the house of Benedict Arnold, the famous reversible patriot and prototype of the political contortionist of the present time.

Among the leading ratepayers of Fredericton to-day, and even among the leading defaulters, are to be recognized the lineal descendants of those who, when the colony was in its infancy, gave by their ability and culture the stamp of social refinement to the little city which it has ever since retained. It would not be easy to find a place of similar size that contains within its quiet homes so much of genuine culture and unassuming self respect as this unique, half modern, half ancient little town. Some of the reasons for this are apparent. Not only has it enjoyed from early times the advantage of being the governmental, judicial and Episcopal head of the province, thus numbering among its residents men of leisure and scholarly attainment, skilled in the social amenities, but it has always been an important educational centre. The University, the Normal School, the superb system of graded schools in the city — even the Military School, which assumes to teach the ruder ritual of war rather than the polished arts of peace — all these have done and are still doing their part to make the city worthy of its founders.

From the old college on the hill have gone forth many brilliant sons of Fredericton who, in after years, have left their impress on the laws of Canada and the literature of the world. Among its distinguished citizens of past and present days, Fredericton is justly proud to claim the names of Fisher, Wilmot, Allen, Wetmore, Fraser and Blair in the realm of law and legislation, and in that of literature, Ewing, Parkin, Carman and Roberts.

There were still living not so long ago old residents who remembered when the ox was roasted on the Flats and the cannon fired in celebration of the battle of Waterloo, the news of which did not reach the city until some months after the event. In that year (1815) the Reverend George Jehosaphat Mountain (may the shadow of his middle name never grow less) was appointed rector of Fredericton, and the journey from Quebec, which now takes less than twenty-four hours, required over forty days! Fredericton was then a city of 1,300 souls, and the fathers of the hamlet were quaintly attired in stovepipe hats and knee



Queen Street, Fredericton, in 1837

breeches. All that part of the town which is back of the old cemetery was a wilderness, where the partridge drummed on the hollow log and the rabbit raced around on moonlit nights. The block of land enclosed by Regent, King, Carleton and Brunswick streets was a grazing ground for cattle. Where the Church Hall now stands was a pond, and many a brace of snipe or plover was bagged there by the stately sportsman of that time. Passenger traffic in the summer between Fredericton and St. John was carried on in sloops. All the business of the city was located on Queen Street.

The Fredericton of to-day is pre-eminently a city for the cyclist and canoeist. Its broad, straight, level streets, canopied by ancient trees, and the excellent country roads that lead to flowered field and singing brook and wooded hill, entice the one, while the grand old river, with its shady creeks and smiling intervales, allure the other. Opposite the city, at the lower and the upper ends thereof, two lovely streams, the Nashwaak and Nashwaaksis, merge their existence in the river. Who can wonder that, when the moon is high and the heart of man is young, the birch canoe will linger there in the liquid shadows and happy souls embark to sail the river of life to unknown seas?

The city is not without its buildings of historic interest. Prominent among these are: the old Government house, now without an occupant, that once sheltered under its roof the royalty of England; the New Brunswick University, that serenely overlooks the city from a classic eminence; the Episcopal Cathedral, which stands a monument to the untiring zeal of that talented and devoted man, the late Bishop Medley, Metropolitan of Canada; and the Military Barracks, where from the founding of the city until 1869 the regular troops of England were stationed, and which is now the headquarters of the Canadian school of infantry. Some of the isolated quarters attached to what are known as the Parade barracks were erected in 1789. It is an interesting fact that the Government house, the University building and the Military barracks were all erected in 1828, under the able and energetic administration of Sir Howard Douglas.

The corner-stone of the cathedral was laid October 15, 1845, by Lieut.-Gov. Sir William Colebrooke. The building was finished and consecrated in 1853, and has been enriched in various ways since then. The entire nave is an exact copy of the church at Snettisham, England. The main body of the church is of domestic stone, the window settings of Caen stone. There are eight bells in the tower, the tenor weighing 2,800 lbs. The chime in use was adopted from that of Trinity Church, New

Officers' Square, Fredericton.

York. When the cathedral was being built gifts were received from all parts of the world, including Trinity Church, New York, which gave 100 guineas towards the cost of the east window. At Bishopscote may be seen a prayer book, on the fly-leaf of which is written in a boyish hand: "Albert, Prince of Wales, Fredericton, 5th August, 1860"; in a plain but somewhat effeminate hand, "Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, 2d June, 1861"; in a dashing, reportorial style, "Arthur, Duke of Connaught, 8th September, 1869"; and in the dainty, angular characters peculiar to her sex, "Princess Louise, 10th August, 1879." In 1896 a cenotaph, with recumbent effigy of the late bishop carved in white Carrara marble, was placed in the south transept of the cathedral. This monument is a most admirable work of art, and attracts the attention of many visitors.

The Provincial Parliament building will repay a more than casual inspection. It is a handsome freestone structure with granite base, and has cost, from first to last, $200,000. It is a credit to the architect who designed it, always excepting the Puritan pepper-box that serves the purpose of a dome, the sole redeeming feature of which is the admirable view it affords of the city and its environs. Within the building is an Assembly chamber, spacious and stately in design, which bears upon its walls paintings in oil of more than passing interest. These include portraits of the much maligned George III., of his amiable consort Queen Charlotte, of Lord Sheffield, and of Lord Glenelg. That of Queen Charlotte is esteemed of special value. It is from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and exemplifies all the subtle art of England's foremost portrait painter. In a large and decorously furnished upper chamber the Supreme Court of the province meets at stated terms.

The literary visitor should not fail before he leaves the building to inspect the Legislative Library. Its shelves contain 14,000 volumes, many of them extremely rare and valuable. One of the original set of Audubon's Book of Birds is here, valued now at $15,000. It formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans, or to his father, King Louis Philippe of France. A copy of the old Domesday book is preserved in one of the library vaults. Several books are treasured here that were presented to the library by Queen Victoria and bear her own handwriting on the fly leaves. Numerous medals of historic interest are shown, including that commemorative of the marriage of Prince Frederic of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England, the Canadian Confederation medal, and the two handsome and costly medals presented to New Brunswick at the Albert Exhibition held in London in 1862.

Old Government House.

The New Brunswick University is an institution which has wielded for the greater part of a century a potent influence upon the educational interests of the province. The original charter of the College of New Brunswick was issued in the year 1800. In 1825 this charter was surrendered to the Crown and another granted to a body corporate, under the name of Kings College. In 1859 an act was passed by the Provincial Assembly establishing the University of New Brunswick and abolishing the theological department. The college, in one form or another, has always enjoyed a provincial endowment, and since 1871 has formed the apex of that legislative creation which is at once the special pride and highest honor of New Brunswick — its free school system of education.

Other public buildings of note are the Victoria Hospital (founded by Lady Tilley in 1887), the City Hall, the Normal School, and the handsome stone edifices of the Baptist and Presbyterian bodies. The Methodist and Roman Catholic churches are commodious structures of a somewhat ancient type. The churches of Fredericton possess the very unique feature of being free of debt.

The placid "Celestial" citizen is at peace with all the world. The tranquil river flowing by his door is a mirror of his mind. He is content with his lot, for, if he is secure from sudden attacks of affluence, he is equally safe from the withering disaster that comes from reckless speculation. He is liberal in thought — conservative in action. Perched upon a pinnacle of judicial impartiality, he calmly listens to the evidence as to the doings of the outer world, and then takes time to consider. Whether rich or poor, bond or free, the name of Fredericton is inscribed upon his heart and he carries with him his love of the fair old elm-shaded city to the end of his earthly days.

From a civic standpoint the town enjoys progressive government. The ratepayer is wont to make a wry face at his tax-bill and denounce the powers that be, but he wants the best that is going, nevertheless. Fredericton's system of waterworks, the water being pumped direct from the River St. John and distributed to every part of the city, is the best in the Maritime Provinces. Its streets are lighted throughout by electricity. Its fire department is fully up to modern requirements. Its sidewalks are of asphalt. The city is able to boast of public parks, as a result of private beneficence, unexcelled by any in the eastern provinces.

The death rate of Fredericton is so low as to be within the reach of all. It arises almost entirely from one of two causes: extreme old age or a physical malady of some kind. In the case of government officials neither of these has any effect. The only thing that can happen to them is superannuation.

Provincial Parliament Building.

Should the tourist need a wife to accompany him on the tour of life, he is earnestly advised to pause at Fredericton. The Celestial girl is both useful and ornamental. She is a flower by the dusty wayside. She is ice-cream in August and sunshine in April. She is a ripple of laughter on the river of Time. In short, she is the frosting which Heaven has spread o'er the dreary plain cake of earth.

Of the many excellent views of Fredericton and its surroundings to be had from the heights that command the town, perhaps the finest is that obtained from the summit of Brick Hill (so called), which is reached by an extension of Smythe Street. The entire city with its checkerboard streets, its spreading elms and many churches, enclosed as in a sylvan amphitheatre, lies spread beneath our feet. The horizon is formed by the sombre gray of the Nashwaak hills on the right and the lofty slopes of Cardigan and Keswick on the left. The white steeple of the Marysville church — the uncompromising brick walls of the cotton mill — the Nashwaak seen at intervals, then lost in a tangle of riotous vegetation — the massive front of Currie's Mountain standing guard at the head of the tide, and the noble St. John itself stretching far to the east and west in a sheet of burnished bronze, are conspicuous features in a scene whose equal one might seek in vain to find. Another much admired view of the river, from which the city is almost wholly eliminated, is that from the top of Hanwell Hill. But if Fredericton is beautiful in June, in her fresh attire of Lincoln green, what shall be said of her in September when, far and wide, o'er wooded height and level plain, Dame Nature throws the gorgeous crazy quilt of Autumn?

The surburban drives of Fredericton can hardly be equalled anywhere. Livery stables exist in the city at which very moderate rates are charged for teams, and at which bicycles may also be cheaply rented by those who prefer the silent steed. The roads are mainly good and offer scenic entertainment of the highest order. An ample choice of route is placed at the disposal of the tourist, and he can always return to the city conveniently by a different road.

A favorite drive is that up the banks of the winding Nashwaak, where arching trees throw cooling shadows on the road, where hillside rivulets dance out of the forest depths to join the murmuring stream, and where scenes of pastoral beauty unfold themselves at every turn to delight the lover of Nature in her tranquil moods. The view from the height of land on the eastern shore, below the Penniac bridge, is superb. The river, like a narrow belt of silver, stretches to the north through wide green intervales dotted

The Cathedral.

The Cathedral.

with the white houses of the settlers and flanked by noble hills on either side. The return to Fredericton is made by the Killarney road, which affords, after the watershed has been surmounted, a view of the Nashwaak valley of panoramic grandeur.

Up the north bank of the St. John to Lunt's Ferry and thence down the other side of the river by the Woodstock road to Fredericton is another popular drive. A cosey wayside house will tempt the traveller to tarry at the Ferry. Exquisite views will be secured, both in going and returning, of the placid river and the slumbering isles that rest upon its bosom. A capacious roadside inn is located at Spring Hill, on the Woodstock road, five miles above the city.

About ten miles below the city lies the sleepy old village of Oromocto, which half a century ago was a scene of animation as one of the principal ship-building and lumbering centres of the province. It wears an air of fallen greatness now, but is none the less of interest to those who love the glint of peaceful waters and the scent of meadow lands. Here, too, a water-side hotel has recently been erected where the stranger is made to feel at home. If so disposed he may cross the river by means of a scow ferry two miles below Oromocto and return to Fredericton by the Maugerville road.

A most pleasurable day may be spent exploring the Oromocto River by steam yacht or canoe. The stream may be navigated by such light craft for a distance of twenty miles. Its marshy shores are a favorite feeding ground for black duck and teal. Here and there are gravelly banks, sloping to the water, shadowed by thick-foliaged forest trees and edged with a carpet of velvety grass, making the most delightful picnic grounds for a day's outing. Then there are more extensive flats near bubbling springs, for campers of longer stay.

A short drive, but one that has many charms, is offered by the Woodstock road to Garden's Creek, or to Spring Hill, and return by the "Old Road." The glimpses to be had of the river and the islands, whose images are duplicated with photographic fidelity in its limpid waters, defy alike the magic of the painter's brush and the poet's pen.

For the cyclist an ideal route is the highway that follows the river to the thriving town of Woodstock and thence to the Upper St. John. The road is hard and smooth, the hills are few and easily surmounted, and the landscape effects are truly grand. The run from Fredericton to Woodstock may be made without undue exertion in about six hours. The savage splendor of the Pokiok Falls and gorge will impress the imagination of the most stolid observer.

New Brunswick University.

A novel feature of the social life of Fredericton is the existence of quite a number of riverside clubs or "Camps," such as Pine Bluff, Beech Knoll, Camp Comfort, Camp Contentment, Edge Hill, Scoodewapscooksis, etc., where the stranger, if he is "a good fellow," as he is sure to be, and fortunate enough to have formed the acquaintance of one of the members, will be entertained in a very agreeable way. These camps are usually built of logs after the most approved woodland pattern, with a large open fireplace at one end; the bill of fare includes the inevitable pork and beans; the leading social spirits of the younger generation are sure to be well represented there; the scenic surroundings are delightful, and a day spent in one of these rustic retreats will long be remembered by the visitor.

In another section of this sketch the advantages of Fredericton as a point of departure for fish and game expeditions will be dealt with somewhat fully. It may be said here, however, that if the stay of the tourist sportsman is limited to days instead of weeks, or if his ambition is limited to deer, grouse, woodcock and snipe, he may obtain plenty of such modest sport in the immediate vicinity of the city. A few excellent woodcock covers exist on the Hanwell, Little River and Maryland roads. Deer are numerous on the Hanwell, Wiltsey and Maryland roads, and are occasionally seen even within the city limits. Ruffled grouse abound wherever there are hurrying brooks, alder swales, sunny forest glades and ancient grassy roads. Brook trout are usually in good supply in the 'Gornish, Tay, McBean, Dunbar and Noonan brooks, and in Burpee Mill-stream, Bear Brook, Cross Creek and the Nashwaak Narrows. Large lake trout are taken at Yoho Lake, about fifteen miles out the Hanwell road. Pickerel, striped bass, smelt and gizzard (or whitefish) are plentiful in the main river, and black bass and trout in Killarney Lake.

The leading hotels of Fredericton, the Queen and Barker House, are synonymous with comfort and good cheer. The management is of the sort that makes the guest feel at home and at ease. Their respective proprietors are public-minded citizens, whose aim has always been, not so much to conserve their own interests, as to promote the general welfare of the city.

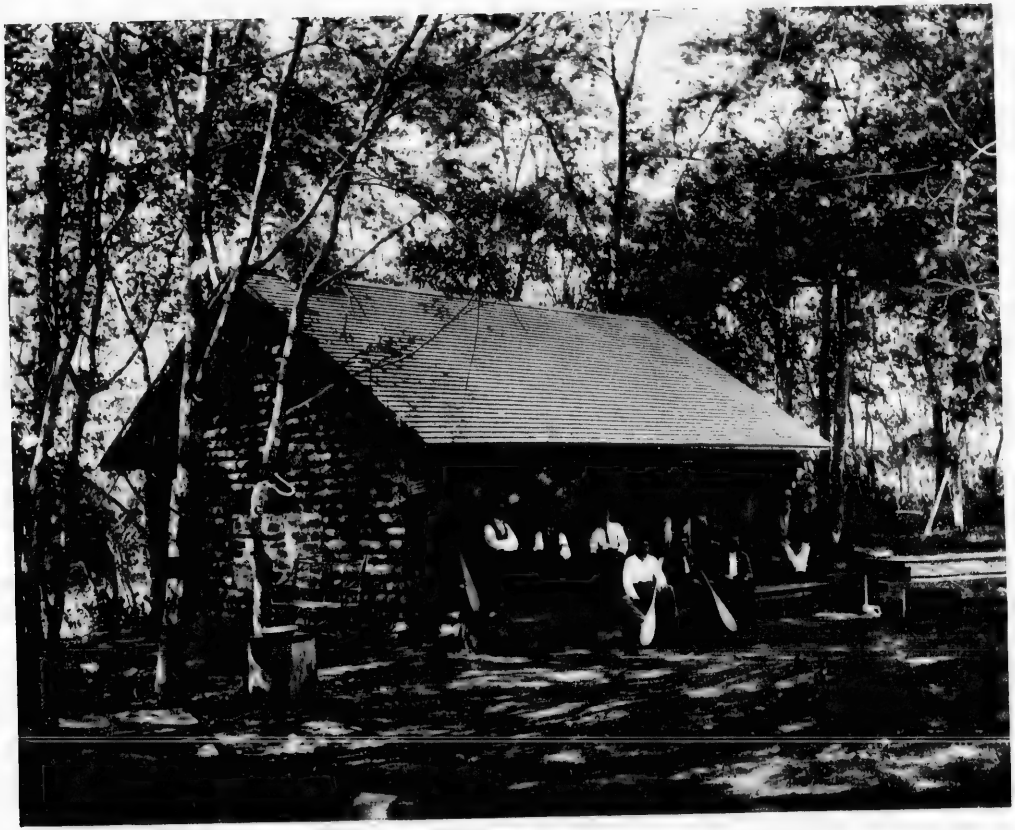
No reference to Fredericton would be complete without a reference to Marysville, its principal suburb, and no reference to Marysville would have much value that omitted the name of its founder. The spruce tree is king in New Brunswick, but the spruce tree bows its head in homage to Alexander Gibson. Starting in life as the proverbial poor boy in the village of Lepreaux, his career reads like a romance. He employs an army of men in the woods, on the stream, in the mill, and on the river St. John, cutting,

Fredericton Bicycle and Boating Club.

driving, sawing and shipping from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 feet of lumber every year. He built the original New Brunswick Railway, about two hundred miles in length, extending from the town of Gibson, opposite Fredericton, to Edmundston, with a branch to Presque Isle, all of which is now a part of the great Canadian Pacific Railway system. He built, in conjunction with Senator Snowball of Chatham, the Canada Eastern Railway, one hundred and sixteen miles in length, from Fredericton to Chatham, besides the branch from Blackville to Indiantown. He is part owner, in connection with Senator Temple, of the handsome steel railroad bridge which spans the river between Gibson and Fredericton. He built at Marysville and has managed with great success one of the largest cotton mills in Canada. He erected and donated to the New Brunswick Methodist Conference one of the finest churches in the province, and has since maintained it entirely at his own expense. Lath mills, shingle mills, grist mills, and other minor ventures all bear witness to his genius, forethought and enterprise.

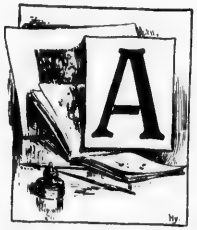
Marysville Methodist Church.

Here is a town of 2,500 inhabitants owned and controlled by one man more absolutely than the Czar of Russia controls his vast domains; but the reign of this industrial Alexander is a beneficent one: his subjects are contented and law-abiding, and Marysville is in all respects a model community. It is a beautiful town as well, and, standing as it does a monument to the energy and ability of New Brunswick's foremost citizen, the visitor cannot fail to be repaid for the time spent in viewing its throbbing factories and peaceful, homelike tenements.



Camp Comfort.

THE RIVER ST. JOHN.



A subject so comprehensive as that of the River St. John can only be lightly touched within the limits of this article. Though dwarfed by comparison with the mighty St. Lawrence, it drains with its branches a territory larger than any other river on the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Florida.

Rising in the spruce-clad hills of northern Maine and receiving in succession the waters of the St. Francis, Madawaska, Green, Grand, and other important streams, it forms for many miles the boundary between that State and New Brunswick.

At Grand Falls the river plunges over a precipice and through a rugged gorge that seems to have been placed there by some convulsion of Nature. The cataract and rapids are only surpassed in Canada by those of Niagara, and are visited as the years pass on by an ever-increasing army of pleasure seekers.

The falls and rapids at their mildest are the personification of untamed fury, but in the spring, when the water is at freshet height and thousands of great spruce logs go tearing over the brink, then shooting up from the basin below like the bolts of some great catapult, and finally disappearing in the whirling cauldrons of the gorge, or grinding on the adamantean rocks that oppose their passage, you have a picture of Nature in a mood of passion that fairly appalls the beholder.

Not many miles below the Falls the Aroostook and the Tobique add their volume to the river, which thence becomes, except in summer level of water, navigable for steamers to its mouth, two hundred miles away. Indeed, before the coming of the iron horse the wheelbarrow boat used to thread its devious

Scoodewapscooksis.

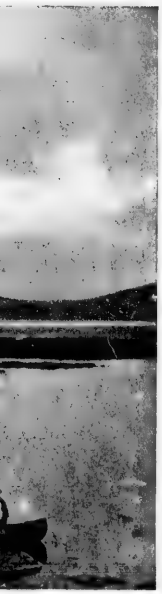
way in freshet time clear to Grand Falls. In recent years, however, no passenger boats have run farther up the river than Woodstock, which is sixty-six miles from Fredericton and one hundred and fifty miles from the sea.

To the mind of the native tourist the Tobique River conveys a boundless vision of all that is wild and primitive for woodland scenery and all that is exciting and otherwise enjoyable for plenitude of fish and game supply. He who, with birch canoe and brawny Milicete polesmen, has ascended its pure, translucent waters to Long Lake or Trowsers Lake, the principal sources of this lovely mountain stream, will have secured a wealth of picturesque experience that will remain with him in reminiscent form as long as life shall last. He will have seen a region untainted for the most part by the touch of man; where forest trails are scoured deep in the solid turf by countless generations of moose and caribou; where the tremulous note of the loon is borne afar on the pulseless wings of the evening air; where the unsophisticated trout will seize a flannel rag as readily as the most alluring fly; where great rafts of black duck arise in clamorous flight at his unkind approach, and where his sleep at night is broken by the sloppy blow of the jumping salmon as he tumbles back in his native pool. Should he ascend the tortured waters of the Little Tobique he will find himself on the shores of the beautiful Nictaux Lake, which shines like a gem in its emerald setting at the base of Bald Mountain, the highest summit in the province. From this commanding eminence the traveller surveys a vast unbroken sea of foliage, whose undulations roll against the storied cliffs of Gaspe to the north and the coroneted peak of old Katahdin to the south.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the scenic splendor of this noble River St. John. By Dr. Talmage, a traveller in many lands, it has been described as "the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and of grandeur." From its fountain-head to its ocean terminus there is nothing commonplace in the country through which it runs. It forms the outlet for some large, important lakes, but the innumerable brooks and mountain streams that flow into it comprise by far the greater body of its current and render its water as clear as that of a wayside spring. The farming land along its banks is of marvellous fertility. Especially is this true of the fine agricultural county of Carleton, justly termed the "Garden of New Brunswick."

If the reader will refer to his railroad map, he will observe that the valley of the St. John is made accessible in every part by the admirable railroad service which extends from Edmundston to the sea.

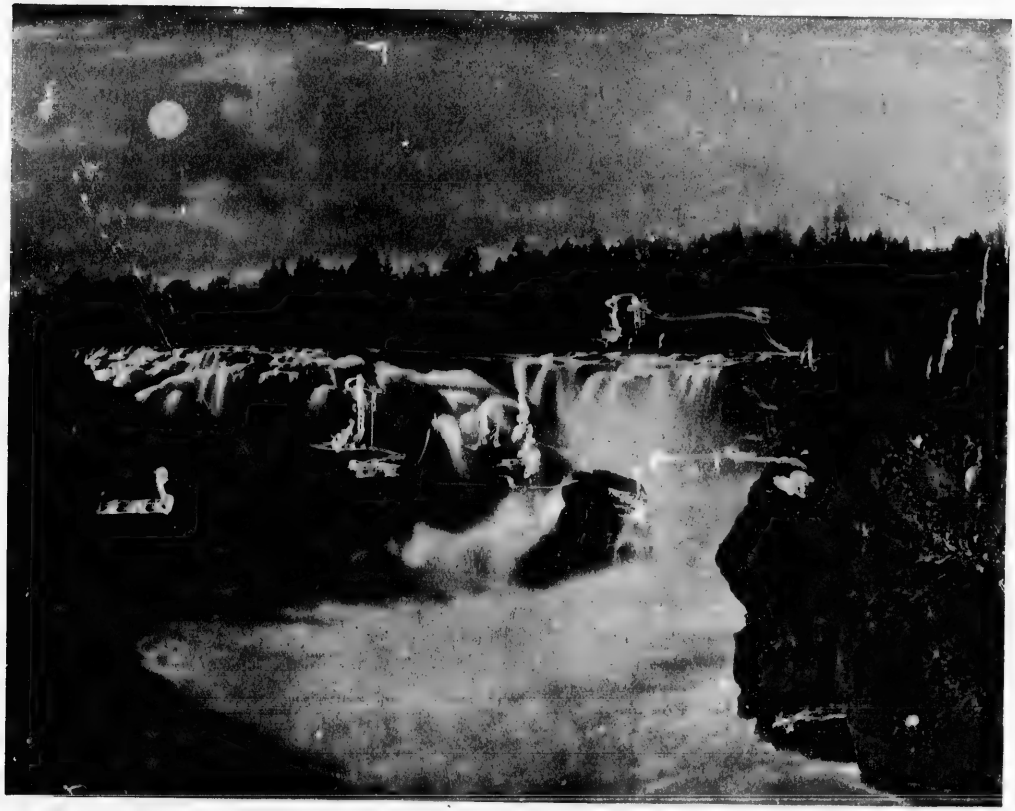
Temiscouata Lake.



This is supplemented in the summer season by steamboat lines that cover tri-weekly the route of sixty-six miles from Woodstock to Fredericton and daily the distance of eighty-four miles from Fredericton to St. John. There is no point in all this vast extent of river-land to-day that is not within twenty-four hours' travel of the city of Boston. The recent extension of the railroad system from Edmundston to Riviere du Loup, by the valley of the Madawaska River and the Temiscouata Lake, has opened up the entire region of the Upper St. John to trade and travel from Quebec and Montreal. A line is now being built from Campbellton to Grand Falls that will not only develop a very valuable lumber area, but will place the sportsman within a few hours' ride of a country that cannot be excelled for fish and game. Another line is being extended from Norton Station on the Intercolonial Railway to Fredericton, that will open up a very important coal and timber country and incidentally conduct the big game enthusiast into the very heart of the Salmon River hunting grounds.

New Brunswick has not only a greater mileage of railway in proportion to population than any other State or province in America, but its soil is intersected everywhere by a wonderful natural system of water communication. Well stocked as the whole of the interior is with fish and game of all kinds, the facilities offered for canoeing, camping, fishing and hunting are not equalled in any part of America within easy reach of those who love the forest and the stream. The lakes and rivers which empty into the basin of the St. John are in no way inferior in this respect to those of that far-famed wilderness region watered by the Miramichi, the Nepisiquit, and the Restigouche. The Squatook Lakes, Green River, Grand River, Tobique River, Oromocto Lake, Grand Lake — these are terms synonymous with hard-fighting salmon that call for the angler's utmost skill; with gallant warrior trout that ask no quarter; with togue of fabulous weight that haunt the deep lake bottoms; with black duck, teal and broadbills in their season, and with the noblest game animals to be found in eastern America, — the moose, bear, deer and caribou.

A volume would be required in which to catalogue the various canoe trips open to the camper and sportsman by its tributary streams. He may, as did the Indians for ages, urge his way with pole and paddle up the main St. John and, after a short portage, embark upon the Penobscot. He may ascend the Madawaska River a distance of fifteen miles, carry his "pirogue" over into Squatook River, and thence enjoy a run down stream of seventy-five miles to the place of beginning, by a river that fairly swarms with



Grand Falls by Moonlight.

trout and through lakes that are as beautiful as a poet's dream. He may pole up Green or Grand River and down the spacious Restigouche. He may ascend the silvery waters of the Tobique and thence traverse the Bathurst Lakes and the wild and rugged Nepisiquit. From the latter stream, if so inclined, he may carry into the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche. At Fredericton he can launch his Milicete canoe when the morning sun is breaking through the river mist and at nightfall pitch his tent upon the level shores of Grand Lake, and ideal camping ground for the tourist who wishes to combine a maximum of water space and grassy mead with a minimum of work.

If the banks of the Hudson, its only scenic rival among the navigable rivers of America, can be said to exhibit the progress of the present, those of the St. John display in large degree the wild, weird beauty of the prehistoric past. Along its sinuous course are rugged headlands, seamed and scarred with the warfare of the ages; leafy coves which resound with the raucous cry of the bittern or the splashing flight of ducks; islands and intervales, level and green, which have received from the dawn of time the baptism of the river god; gently sloping hills crowned with the murmuring verdure of spruce and pine — offering to the eye of the modern pilgrim scenes which must have delighted the vision of Villebon and La Tour.

The river was given its Christian name by that model tourist and king of campers, Samuel de Champlain, in the year of grace 1604. He called it the River St. John because, pious man that he was, he found it on the day of St. John the Baptist. Champlain did not concern himself with giving a name to any other part of the country than St. John, which may, perhaps, account for the fact that unto this day the citizen of St. John is only dimly conscious of a nebulous suburb of that city known as the Province of New Brunswick.

In those romantic days the river bore among the Indians the name of Wigoudi, or "Highway," for it had been used for centuries as a means of navigation and of warlike expeditions between the tribes of the East and the West. There is no evidence to show that Champlain ever ascended the river. He writes as if he had, but there is reason to believe that he copied his description from a guide-book written by a gentleman named Champdore, who really did venture up the River in 1608, as far, at least, as Oak Point and the Devil's Back.

An implied contract rests upon the man who undertakes to write about the River St. John to do justice to the memory of the late La Tour. In the year 1630 Charles La Tour built a large lumber camp

Forks of Green River.

at the mouth of the river and called it a fort. The sympathy of the civilized world is due to Charles, not only because he had an ungrateful father who used to bombard his forts, but because his fame is overshadowed by that of his warlike wife. La Tour would have made a name for himself in almost any line of business on his own account if he had had a fair show, but his chief glory is that he was the husband of Madame La Tour, whose defence of the fort in 1645 (while Charles was away on a trip to Boston), against the cruel and corpulent Charnisay, will ever rank as one of the grandest exploits in the annals of feminine heroism. One would like to think that Charles had held her memory dear. All we know on that score is that, when old Charnisay was opportunely drowned, La Tour made haste to marry the widow in order to avoid a suit for trespass.

Another name indelibly impressed upon those historic days is that of the doughty Villebon, who for ten years waged unceasing war upon the New England settlements. Villebon had a so-called fort at Jemseg for a while, and in 1692 erected another at the mouth of the Nashwaak, opposite the present city of Fredericton, in order to escape the spring freshets. It cannot be truly said that Villebon displayed remarkable sagacity in making this move, for we read that the playful freshets made merry with this fort just as they did with the other and piled great hummocks of ice against the palisades. Over this fastness of the wilderness the white flag of France, together with Villebon's weekly washing, floated for seven years. Cannon balls turned up by the wandering ploughshare in these latter days mark the erratic shooting done by Colonel Hawthorne and Captain Church when they tried to take the fort in 1696. What must be thought of the game laws of that period when it is written that Villebon received as many as 3,000 moosehides from the Indians in a single year?

The earliest English settlement of any consequence ever made upon the River St. John was that of 1766, when a party of Loyalist refugees received a grant of land of twelve square miles along the river and founded the now flourishing settlement of Maugerville. During the Revolutionary War certain froward, lewd and wicked persons, to wit, one Benjamin Franklin and other sons of Belial, did undermine the simple, trusting faith of these men of Maugerville so that they took up arms against the good King George and captured a wood-boat at Machias. But the king was gracious to his erring subjects and gave them government offices, and they repented of their sins and died full of years and honors.

The Maugerville settlers were followed seventeen years later, at the close of the war, by a considerable

The Portage, Green River.

body of the United Empire Loyalists, among them many men of ability and culture who, amid the unspeakable privations of a backwoods life, laid strong and deep the foundations of the struggling colony.

> And the silence of ages listened
> To the axe-stroke loud and clear,
> Divining a kingly presence
> In the tread of the pioneer.

No one can claim to have seen New Brunswick who has not traversed the magnificent river route between Fredericton and St. John. The steamers on this line are speedy and commodious, their equipments up to date, and it is hard to conceive of a more delightful day's outing than is afforded by the sail between these points. The down-river trip requires less time, but in point of pleasure there is little to choose between the two. The upper trip has the added charm of landing the traveller at Fredericton.

As the tourist in the balmy days of summer surveys from the deck of the steamer the ever-changing scenes of beauty that mark his progress up or down the stream, he will notice some things new to his experience. He will not fail to observe in the numerous mills that line its banks, in the immense rafts of timber washed by the steamer's swell, in the acres and acres of logs handled by the sturdy workers at the booms, in the passing tugs with their long train of scows loaded with yellow deal, and in the white-winged wood-boats dotting the surface of the river at every turn, the magnitude of the lumber traffic which finds by this ancient highway its outlet to the sea. Spruce, pine, cedar and birch from the waters of the Upper St. John three hundred miles away, from the Aroostook, the Tobique and many minor streams, are floated to the harbor of St. John and there manufactured and shipped to every part of the civilized world.

The tourist aforesaid will observe that many cosey river-side cottages and villas are springing up along the river, while at Long Reach, Hampstead, Gagetown and Oromocto hotels have been erected to intercept the ever rising tide of travel. If he is a prophet, the son of a prophet, or only a plain wayfaring man with an eye to real estate, he will see that the day is not far distant when the peculiar charms of this genial, restful river-land will become known to the American world, and when the *blasé* children of fashion who

Green River Lake.

swelter in the great cities, or vainly seek repose at crowded seaside resorts, will throng these shaded nooks in multitudes.

For brick and mortar breed care and crime,
With a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men are withered before their prime
By the curse paved in with the lanes and streets.
And lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed,
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd —
But he shuns the shadow of birch and pine.

Whether on business or on pleasure bent the American visitor cannot fail to note that here, as everywhere in "Bluenose Land," the utmost kindliness and good feeling exist toward the mighty son of Britain to the south of us. Here are no alien labor laws, no pulling down of flags, no catering to vicious political elements, no shadow of historic prejudice cast upon the stranger within our gates. There is no annexation spirit here, but there is a hope which springs eternal in every true Canadian's breast that destiny has in store for him or his children a part in that great annexation of the future — the union in peace or in war of all the English-speaking peoples of the globe.

Forming, as it does, the natural gateway of travel to Fredericton by the water route, St. John is a city entitled to favorable consideration. Its population is nearly 50,000; its public and private buildings would adorn a city of much larger size, and it is the only genuine winter port of Canada. Intending shippers (and politicians) must beware of imitations. The people of St. John are very proud of their comely city, and very much in earnest in their efforts to promote its welfare. Nothing, in their opinion, is too good for St. John. Hence has arisen the unwarranted suspicion prevalent in some quarters, especially in Halifax, that St. John wants the earth. However this may be, the earth wants St. John, for it has need of her genial, energetic, optimistic citizens.

With the solitary exception of those of Fredericton, the hotels of St. John are not surpassed by any in the Maritime Provinces. The International Steamship Line, the Digby and Yarmouth steamers, the Grand Lake and Washademoak boats, the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific railways create there,

View on Upper Tobique.

especially in the tourist season, a very large passenger traffic. St. John is by no means destitute of charms as a temporary summer resort itself. The rise and fall of the tide produce cooling breezes from the sea that temper the rays of the sun in the hottest weather; the Bay Shore affords very fair facilities for bathing; the roads leading out of the city are kept in fine condition and offer many pleasant drives. A public park is now being elaborated at Lily Lake that will add greatly to the natural attractions of the city and its surroundings. To people with a taste for freaks and conundrums a very instructive feature of this locality is the famous "reversible cataract," which twice in every twenty-four hours turns around and falls up hill!

Two fast passenger trains each day, covering the distance of sixty-six miles in a trifle over two hours, connect St. John with Fredericton. If the visitor's time is only sufficient for a cursory call at the Capital, he may spend a day there very pleasantly and return to St. John the same evening. By the river boat the journey occupies about six hours, but so brimming is this lovely route with picturesque delights that time and care alike take flight, and the stranger is taken by surprise when, like a vision of enchanted land, the stately elms of the "Celestial City" rise in view.

Indian Village, above Fredericton.

FREDERICTON AS A SPORTING CENTRE.

AS a region for big game, especially for moose and caribou, the interior of New Brunswick is not equalled by any other section of eastern North America. Its salmon streams are unrivalled anywhere. The game laws of the province may be briefly summarized thus: —

The open season for moose, caribou, deer, duck, woodcock and snipe extends from September 1st to January 1st.

The shooting of cow moose and female moose calves is prohibited.

Each hunter may shoot one moose, two caribou and three deer in a season.

Non-resident sportsmen and guides desiring to hunt moose and caribou are required to take out a license, paying a fee of twenty dollars. Residents pay two dollars. No license is required for the hunting of deer.

The open season for partridge extends from September 20th to January 1st. The sale of partridge is prohibited.

The shooting of geese and brant by non-residents is prohibited.

The fishery laws are mainly controlled by the Dominion Government. The open season for salmon extends from February 1st to August 15th; for speckled trout, from April 1st to September 15th; for lake trout or land-locked salmon, from May 1st to September 15th. All required information can be obtained by addressing the Crown Land Department of New Brunswick at Fredericton, or the respective proprietors of the leading hotels.

Owing to its central location, both from a railroad and geographical standpoint, there is no more

Lunt's Ferry.

convenient place of departure for the fisherman or big game hunter than Fredericton. The city lies almost equidistant from the great hunting region of the Canaan and Salmon rivers and that of the Tobique and Miramichi. Between the two and almost at its threshold is the Cains River country, renowned for moose and caribou. The sportsman may leave Fredericton in the morning with his Indian guides and pitch his tent at sunset on the hunting grounds of East Brook Plains. To reach the upper waters of the Tobique or of the Nor-West Miramichi will require about three days.

Let us suppose that the reader yearns to shoot a moose, which animal he has vainly sought, it may be, for many moons in Maine or Nova Scotia. He will, if he wishes to hunt in the calling season, need to start for the scene of action not later than the middle of September. The sooner he starts the better his chance will be. He will only need to bring to Fredericton his wearing apparel and his rifle, which latter should be no plaything, but a weapon that will combine paralysis and penetration in a marked degree. Supplies and provisions for the trip of the best quality can be obtained much cheaper at Fredericton than they can be brought there.

On Nor-West Miramichi.

A first-class guide will be required, who knows the country well and is really able to call moose. He will expect to receive from two dollars to three dollars and a half per day, according to circumstances. The latter figure may seem high, but the guide is usually a trapper who has a country of his own in which he has built camps and canoes, cut trails and gone to other expense on capital account. Unless he receives

Canoeing on the St. John.

good wages as a guide it would pay him to go and shoot the moose himself. At least one additional man, combining the office of cook and packer, will be needed, so that the chief guide may devote his whole attention to hunting. This extra man will ask one dollar or one dollar and a half a day. If a team is necessary to haul the supplies in over the portage road, the teamster will expect to receive four dollars a day for himself and team. You will decide that this is not excessive after you have watched him for a few hours battling with the roots and rocks, blowdowns and quagmires of the portage.

To make reasonably sure of bagging a bull moose a trip of at least three or four weeks is necessary. Such a trip should cost from $150 to $200. The sportsman is at liberty to make it cost as much more as he pleases.

To call a moose successfully is the consummation of the woodman's art. The long white nostril of the animal is alert to catch your scent and his power of hearing is nothing short of marvellous. He is almost sure to detect the first false step, or the first false note in the music. The conjugal tendency, however, is potent in these autumn days and he obeys, it may be guessed, against his better judgment the summons of the phantom maiden moose, whose glances pierce the heart like fiery hail and from whose mystic bower no bull moose e'er returns.

The birchen horn used by the caller is made from sixteen to twenty inches in length, about one inch in diameter at the inner and four inches at the outer end. If the guide knows his business

The Moose Call.

Yankee Boys in Bluenose Land.

he will contrive to produce with this instrument the most plaintive, pathetic, voluminous, soul-moving melody that ever was heard on sea or land.

The usual time of day to call for moose is near sundown. The animal is seldom much astir in the early part of the day. The wind will have calmed down at sunset if it is going to calm at all, and the horn can then be heard for miles.

A common mode of calling is for the guide to climb a tree. From this elevation the call will reach a long distance, and the responsive solo of the bull can be more distinctly heard.

"Now give it to him!"

The proper place to call for moose is a matter of instinct or experience on the part of the guide. It should be away from the smoke of the camp, near open ground, such as the margin of a lake, pond or barren, where the royal animal may be seen as he draws nigh. When he comes you are going to see him swaggering up the marshy shore or hooking his way jauntily through the bushes in sheer insolence of strength. He is announcing now for the benefit of all concerned that, if there is any other bull moose around, he is going to shovel him into the lake if it takes all night to do it. If you are nervous as the crisis approaches, lean your gun "bush fashion" over a stump or fallen tree, aim carefully, keep the muzzle down, and then, if the first shot apparently fails, man the lead pump and shoot while there is anything in sight. Suddenly you will hear a whoop from the guide, who has bounded over the brush in search of the moose, and, as you follow him with heart beating wildly, you

Building the Bark Canoe.

will catch a glimpse of a massive horn protruding from the heather, and then of a giant form stretched out upon the ground, and you will realize that one of life's concentrated moments has come to you. You are going to feel a little sorry for a little while and then very proud for the remainder of your natural life.

Moose are probably more plentiful in New Brunswick than in any part of America except Alaska. For many years the record moose was that shot by Sir Harry Burrard on the Canaan River, the horns of which measured 5 feet 3 inches from tip to tip. The head of this moose was mounted and presented to the Prince of Wales. All other claimants, however, have been obliged to "haul in their horns" in the presence of Mr. Stephen Decatur, of Portsmouth, N.H., who shot a moose in the Tobique country last September, with an antler spread of 5 feet 6 inches. As you cluster around the camp-fire at night, and the white owl hoots in the outer gloom, the guides will tell you of mammoth moose that exist in New Brunswick to-day who are too wise to come to the horn and whose track is like the print of a water-pail on the shore of the mountain lake.

Roughing It.

The favorite browsing trees of moose are whitewood, moosewood, willow and cherry. They will, however, eat the bark and buds of any kind of hard wood and most of the evergreens. Spruce or cedar they never touch unless hard pressed for food. The only kind of grass they will eat is a thin, flat, yellow variety that grows chiefly in the beds of streams or in marshy ground. Moose will often go entirely under water for this grass and remain there a surprising length of time. It is a common

Upper Magaguadavic Lake.

thing for the moose, in midsummer, to submerge his body in a cooling stream or lake to protect himself from the heat and flies.

Many sportsmen prefer stalking the moose on snow to any other form of hunting. Extreme care is required to get within shooting distance. His homely nose will catch the least whiff of human scent borne by the wayward breeze, or his great ears will hear the click of the overlapping snowshoe, or his vigilant eye will note the darkening of the snow-line through the avenues of trees, and the thud, thud of heavy feet upon the hollow ground will notify the hunter that his supper of moose steak and onions is indefinitely postponed. A wounded moose will sometimes turn and charge his enemy. Woe to the hunter, then, unless his hand is steady and his aim is sure, for death lurks behind the vengeful fury of those lancelike hoofs.

By many amateur woodsmen the caribou is esteemed more highly as a game animal than the moose. The great virgin wilderness of New Brunswick at the present day is a caribou paradise. If the moose may be numbered in hundreds, the caribou may be reckoned in thousands. They can be stalked with considerable ease on a windy day, but cannot be run down no matter what the depth of snow, and so they escape the butchery in the close season that too often falls to the lot of moose and deer.

Little Sou-West Lake.

As showing how plentiful they are, it may be mentioned that on Christmas day, 1894, seven large herds of caribou were visible at once on the ice of Little Sou-West Lake. In November, 1895, near Bald Mountain, on the Nor-West Miramichi, two Fredericton sportsmen saw, in the space of

A Snap-shot on Oromocto Lake.

three days, one hundred and thirty caribou. In December last a sportsman from Newcastle in the same section of country saw a single herd of caribou in which were fully one hundred individuals. In that vast expanse of forest land watered by Green River, Grand River, Tobique, Nor-West Miramichi, Sou-West Miramichi, Restigouche and Nepisiquit, with their innumerable branches, the country is swarming with caribou, and they are thought to be increasing every year. They are practically unmolested by man, and the black bear is the only animal that preys upon them. It is believed that the caribou, which have been almost driven out of Maine by persistent hunting, have taken refuge in large numbers in New Brunswick. The caribou seems to be imbued with the restless spirit of the age. He has no fixed abiding place and is always in a hurry to reach some other place where he can at once make haste to hurry back again.

The chief food of the caribou is reindeer moss (*Cladonia Rangiferina*). The horns of the male are often very massive, and, like those of the moose, are shed every year. About one female caribou in ten has horns, but they are far inferior to those of the male in size and beauty. By the first of December nearly all the old bulls have dropped their horns. The young bulls carry theirs until February, and horns have been found on the cows in March.

The prevailing color of the caribou is a dark fawn inclining to gray and fading to almost pure white on the neck and under parts of the body. They differ much in general appearance, some being almost as graceful as a deer, while others resemble an overgrown goat. The weight of an adult caribou will often reach five hundred pounds.

In the winter time a herd of caribou may frequently be seen scraping away the snow on the barrens in order to reach their favorite moss. When travelling in deep snow they sometimes form in single file and push each other forward, the leader being changed from time to time as he wearies with breaking the road.

Without doubt the best season for hunting caribou is in November when the bogs are frozen and there is suitable snow for tracking, and when their antlers have not yet been shed. Their actions in the presence of man are very eccentric. Sometimes they will stampede at the faintest sign of danger, or no sign at all; at other times they will stand stupidly together or walk aimlessly about while the death-dealing rifle is thinning out their ranks.

Joe Jefferson's Camp, Clearwater.

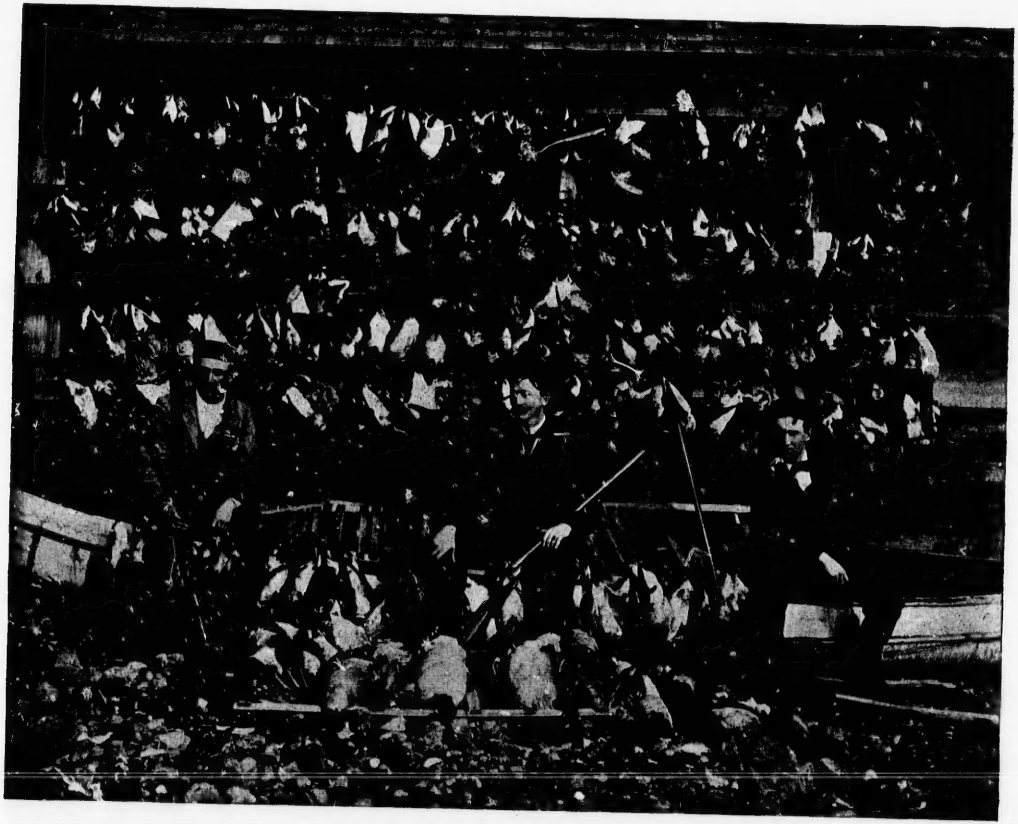
Red deer are multiplying rapidly in every part of New Brunswick. They are especially abundant in the south and west. With proper protection they will soon be as numerous as in Maine.

On the headwaters of the Nepisiquit not only are moose and caribou plentiful, but the sportsman may enjoy the unique experience of stalking the black bear as he roams the blueberry covered hills in September. As a rule the black bear is about as dangerous as a raccoon or a porcupine. At the sight or scent of man he will run like a tramp from a woodpile. The maternal solicitude of the she bear when in company with her cubs, however, is not to be trifled with. Unless you are sure that this particular bear belongs to you, it is well to stand back about seventy-nine and one-half feet.

There are several fi[illegible]mon streams within a few hours' ride by rail of Fredericton. A few desirable streams are still unlease[illegible] may be secured at a reasonable rental from the Crown Land Department. Where the river is already leased it is not difficult for the visiting sportsman, in most cases, by application to local anglers, to obtain the right to fish.

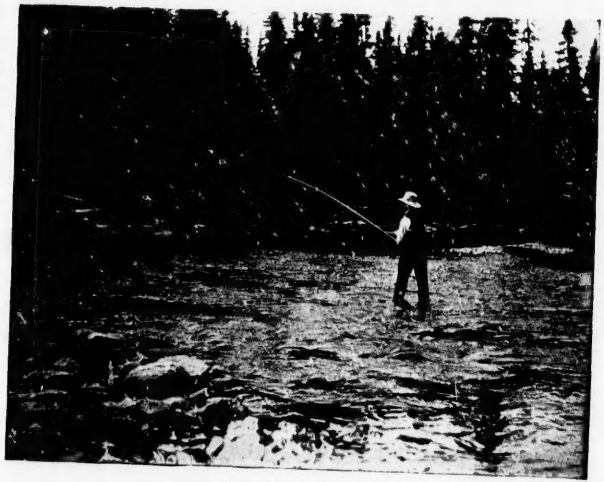
With the possible exception of the Restigouche, the finest salmon river in the province is the Tobique. The angler may leave Andover in the morning by team and hook his salmon for supper, or by taking the railway to Plaster Rock he can reduce this record by several hours. This beautiful mountain stream has been so well protected of recent years that the fish have become very abundant. The adult Tobique salmon runs from twelve to twenty pounds in weight, and is far more gamey than the Restigouche fish.

A river which shows to some extent the results of inefficient protection, but still affords excellent sport in a normal season, is the Sou-West Miramichi. This was a favorite resort of the late Governor Russell, Joe Jefferson, the actor, and other well-known American anglers. The cascade of Fall Brook, one hundred and twenty feet in height, is reached by a few minutes' walk from the main stream and is one of the scenic marvels of New Brunswick. A ride of two hours by rail brings the sportsman to Boiestown, where the guides will have all in readiness to pole him up the river. The uniform rate these hardy, willing fellows charge for their services is one dollar and a quarter per day. Their skill in picking the channel, or in breasting and shooting the rapids, is a subject of unceasing wonder to all who have ever witnessed it. Whether on the hunting ground or the salmon stream, the uniform testimony of strangers is that New Brunswick guides are honest and cheerful, thorough woodsmen all of them, and anxious only to please.



Three Days at Tabusintac.

The trout streams and lakes of the province are innumerable and, with few exceptions, open to all. When the sea trout are running excellent fishing is obtained at Indiantown, on the Sou-West Miramichi, which is reached in five hours from Fredericton. Cains River, a noted stream for trout, is reached by fifteen miles of rail from Fredericton and a portage of ten miles.



Pine-tree Pool, Dungarvon.

One of the finest trout streams in the province, the Bartibogue River, which was reserved by the government from the recent sale of fishing privileges, is to be efficiently guarded henceforth and trout fishing permitted on it with the rod only at a fixed rate per day. The Crown Land Department has determined to vigorously enforce the regulations against netting and spearing, not only on the Bartibogue, but Cains River, Renous, Dungarvon and other rivers that have heretofore been poached.

In all its essential features the forest of New Brunswick is to-day what it was in the dawn of history. It is still the forest primeval. Over the rampart hills and under the sentinel stars are streams whose sources are unknown; vast areas of timber land that have never echoed the sound of the woodsman's axe or the hunter's rifle; lofty cataracts whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; beautiful lakes without a name, whose eternal stillness is broken only by the rattle of the kingfisher, the leap of the land-locked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the wading moose. The voyager who seeks these hidden shores will find a gentle, bounteous wilderness "to whose ever-verdant antiquity the Pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday."